

November 13th 18

Marie Dearest: -

At last it begins to feel like winter. This morning when I first went out, the ground was covered with a heavy frost and the air was cold and crisp as it could be. Not a cloud was in the sky and it is a real, beautiful, November morning. It is a pretty good old word after all! My predictions have come true, and we are to have a most wonderful Thanksgiving and Christmas. Never have the people of the civilized world had more to be thankful for than they have now. My mind is numbed and dazed with the facts, and I find it very difficult to comprehend that war is over and Peace - wonderful Peace - has descended upon the world again.

Such contrasts as we see in the modes of living the people follow even after two

days of Peace. Imagine dear - for
over four years in this town
which is less than five miles
from the front - not a light
has burned at night except in
a perfectly light tight room. Not a
night has passed but the people
have spent some part of it in
a subterranean cellar, or "abris"
to be safe from the attacks of
enemy bombers (of which we have
had a plenty). Now the town is
ablaze with light and people
retire without a thought of
danger. It is a different world
and most assuredly a better
world to live in.

We had some most exciting
experiences and rather close shaves
last summer (in the last war)
from the bombers. I never
wrote about them while the
war was going on as I did

not wish to worry you, but now
it doesn't matter. I never will
forget the months of the summer
of 1918 - especially July and
August. Every night the Boche
came over and bombed us, and
it soon got tiresome because
of the sleep we lost. I will
tell you all about it when
I get home. We never were in
danger as they can't hit anything
they aim at, so I didn't lie to
you about that.

In a perfectly comfortable
frame of mind, we are now
all trying to estimate how long
it will be before we are sent
home. Naturally the married
men are more interested than
the others. Now that it is over
we are all satisfied, but I have
only one desire - that is to be

united to my loved ones at the
earliest possible moment. However,
we will be together much sooner
than we dared expect, and I am
very thankful for that. I estimate
that we will be sent home
sometime in the Spring. I can
see no reason - although there
may be many - why we should
be kept over here longer than
that. It may be sooner, but
we must not permit ourselves
to become impatient, for we
still have a great work to do
and our Country needs us.

The German lines are moving
away from us now. We are now
over twenty miles from them
and the distance will increase
every day until the Germans
are thirty kilometres the other
side of the Rhine. It has
been a great victory for the

Allies and Germans is completely
shown of her power. I went
downtown yesterday and had
the great privilege of seeing
a wonderful sight - a French
Division marching home from
the trenches after four years of
Hell. It was thrilling. The
wonderful bands and trumpets
ers, and the cheering people,
with women throwing flowers
to the soldiers - and the smiling
singing soldiers - veterans of
the greatest war in history,
gave me a thrill that is only
equalled by that I feel when
I see our own wonderful troops
on the march. They all look
fine but - the Yanks are
a little bit more there in
every way, than any of
them. That is not boast. I

mean it. I don't believe any
soldiers on earth can compare
to ours.

Well Honey dear I must
close. I have a lot to do
and must get at it. Love
and kisses to Glad, my dear
babies, and the dearest sweetest
little woman in the world -
my wife. I love you dear.
A.B.

Russel B. Smith Capt U.S.
Amer E & France.